

THE QUIVER

Saturday, September 19, 1868.



(Drawn by J. A. PASQUIER.)

"He looked over her shoulder into the mill-dam."—p. 831.

ALDA'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS. IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

THE unhappy prediction of David Barolo came to pass; within a few weeks of their parting, a merciless persecution, unequalled in its

cruelties, overtook the poor fugitives from the valleys, and Verena's kind heart had to bleed in silence for the sufferings of Protestant martyrs. Bigotry, like another Moloch, was lifted up in

the land, and slew its hundreds; and in the quiet of Verena's country life these human sacrifices assumed an overpowering horror, affecting her spirits, and even the tone of her mind.

The early spring came round, with its budding leaves and opening blossoms, but Verena scarcely ever ventured outside the precincts of her father's garden; she fancied, foolishly, that she could hear in the valley the shrieks of flying women, or the wailing of mothers over their slaughtered children. She had worse fancies than these, but she dared not frame them to her mind lest her reason might slip from her hold.

Her sleep, too, was broken, and her rest was gone from her. Night after night, unable to find repose in her bed, she rose and paced her room, or sat by the window which overlooked the mill-dam, chilly and comfortless in the moonlight. Away, away, to the distant Alps, on whose cold slopes she knew there were motionless forms lying by the hundred. David's father, she had heard (on whose knee she had sat so often and listened to his pleasant flow of genial words), was already numbered amongst the ghastly multitude. What must David have suffered ere he watched the spirit go out, whose calm, steady light had been his guide since childhood! Would not a bitter vindictiveness fill his breast against all her creed, which must in time extend even to herself? Then, turning from the window, Verena would cast herself upon her knees before the crucifix at the foot of her bed, and plead with an erring devotion for the suffering flock, which were being driven to and fro amongst the mountains.

But day by day, instead of the persecutions drawing to a close, their horrors increased. Verena heard how, in one small village among the hills, more than a hundred women and innocent children had been massacred.

Verena's spirit, pure, loving, and pitiful, but devotional even to fanaticism, was like a bird in a storm—the mere plaything of the wind. She could not listen to these recitals of wild cruelty and excess without shudderings of heart; but, on the other hand, she might not listen to the rebellious thoughts which arose in her bosom against the authors and perpetrators of these cruelties. She drifted she knew not whither.

Her priests, too, and spiritual directors, who but a few months ago had sought to lure her lover to their fold, now denounced him and his religion in words so bitter and vengeful, that Verena, returning slowly from her confessional, felt that, if she would gain heaven, she must slay this deep love she felt for David, on the very threshold of her upward path.

She began to tremble now for her own power of endurance. Her mind as well as her body was growing weak. There were moments when she

could scarcely trust her reason or her sight. When she sat in the garden for rest, the clouds overhead took strange and fanciful shapes, as of a stricken multitude, which filled her heart with gloomy suggestions. If she sought to read, the words presented no meaning to her mind.

Once, with a strange impulse, she took the pages of the Testament David had given her from her bosom. She believed in tests; she would try if they could give her back her mental vigour; but no, they were meaningless as the rest. And was not this a sin—this gift of David's—a sin she was hiding in her bosom? She would test truth again; she would cast out this sin, this last relic of a forbidden love, for ever.

She crumpled up the pages and cast them into the mill-dam. Suddenly—yes, this time the test had triumphed—the words which when read a moment before carried no sense to the vacant mind, rose up now from the tank at her feet, and appeared as if printed in letters of fire on the water, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," a text from the forbidden book, the last words uttered in her ear by David.

Verena pressed her hands over her eyes to shut out their meaning, but the words were written within on her eye-balls. She looked again down into the mill-dam: they were flaming there still. The illusion was so strong, she stooped and threw a stone into the water. Of a sudden, the splash and the widening circles brought back the day of bitter parting, and Garcino's wily face gazing at her over the vineyard-wall.

"Verena."

With a scream and sudden forward leap, she had almost precipitated herself into the mill-dam, for it was Garcino himself who touched her on the shoulder.

"What dost see in the water, Verena? I warrant there be fish in the stream, but none that will come with money in its mouth."

"What has brought thee here again, Garcino, with a foolish speech in thy mouth?" she asked, bitterly. "I want neither thee nor thy money. This is my father's garden—cannot I sit here unmolested?"

Without replying, he looked over her shoulder into the mill-dam, and his eye rested on the torn leaves she had dropped into the water.

"Belike you have lost a love-letter; Barolo, no doubt, finds means still of addressing thee;" and as he spoke he approached the place where the paper was caught in the sedge.

"Garcino," she cried, in hasty confusion, "come here. I would not have thee take my words unkindly. I have been out of sorts to-day. Tell me, hast thou no news from the town?"

"Ay, you will give heed to my news to-day.

Verena, hast thou considered my words? Thy heretic lover has forsaken thee; but, lo! I am here to protect thee and thy father."

"My father and I are above suspicion; we do not need thy aid," she said, sternly.

"I know not how that may be, Verena. I know I love thee."

"I am sorry," was all she replied, but she turned towards the door of her house.

"Verena, you are sorry! Have you no heart or pity?"

"No, I have none; I have neither heart nor pity left," she cried, passionately, waving him off.

"My heart is long since dead, and pity has been murdered."

"Is it even so?" he muttered between his teeth. "The day may come when you may call on Garcino for aid, and he will reply, 'My pity is dead also.'"

The words fell upon Verena's ear with significance and presentiment. She felt inclined to turn and fly. At that moment the miller, who had overheard the voices in the garden, appeared in the doorway.

"Father, he threatens us!" she faltered.

"Dog of a tanner! what brings you skulking round my house and garden? If a maiden's refusal does not touch thy pride, must I hunt thee forth? One would think there were skins enough these days to dress to keep thee pretty busy."

"Miller, you shall answer for this. Take care, take care; I may have you ground yet in your own mill, or baked in your own oven. I have you in my power."

"Big words are not grinding-stones, nor can hot breath fire the oven," replied the miller, contemptuously, as he assisted his daughter within the mill.

But Garcino waited till he was out of sight, and stooping down, drew the torn leaves of the Testament to the edge of the mill-dam, and carried them away.

That evening, Verena sought peace early in a sleep which seemed to overpower her; but her mind was still feverish and restless, and broken images of danger and hurried flight oppressed her. Again she was anxiously seeking for something which she must find before it came into other hands. It was dear life to her to find it; she stretched out for it, muttering, "None other name given under heaven," and woke with a gasp. She then remembered the leaves of the Testament which she had left behind her, forgotten in her confusion and vexation.

"What have I done?" she cried. "Garcino saw it. We are lost!" She sprang from her bed, and hastily attiring herself, she lit a lantern and went down the staircase in trembling agitation, yet

with a noiseless step, careful not to rouse her father.

She quickly opened the door leading into the garden, and a bright flood of moonlight smote her face and figure as she stood there, anxious and uncertain.

"I will not bring the lantern," she murmured, laying it softly on the bench within; then, half closing the door, she crossed over towards the mill-dam. Everything was ghostly still save the black mill-wheel with its hoarse splash.

On hands and knees, she peered into the water, and snatched at something white. It was only a handful of foam, and her heart sank within her. With hasty steps she traversed the bank backwards and forwards, searching in vain: there was no trace. Garcino had carried it off as a witness against them.

"It is a false witness," she said. "My father and I have no taint, and may the saints keep us from it."

She returned to the house and took up the lantern. Striving to be calm, she sat for a while on the bench, till the flame, heating the framework, burnt her tender hand, and the pain at length penetrated her reverie.

As she went up the stairs she paused at her father's door, and looked in softly. The old man was bound in healthy sleep, his white head resting on a brawny arm, the very picture of earthly security and dependence upon self.

"How weak and faithless I am," she murmured, "and he is passing brave and strong; yet I might be stronger and calmer than he, with a strength not my own."

She set down the lantern on the floor, and stealing to his bedside, sank upon her knees, and prayed fervently that God would bring her into the sweet haven of peace, and lead her among the ways of those blessed women whose lives were written on her brain.

She was for a long time absorbed, with her face buried in her hands, and might unconsciously have passed into sleep, when suddenly the room seemed illumined, and she saw a pale and fair maiden in white garments stand as it were on the brow of a cliff, which formed itself she knew not how beneath the rafters, and the figure beckoned to her, and smiled upon her, and the words seemed to come from a distance:

"Verena, bid thy father farewell, and come stand by me."

She gasped, stretched out her arms, and rose to her feet; but the room was dark, the light within the lantern had gone out, and her limbs were numbed with cold.

"Father, father!" she cried, laying her hand on her father's shoulder, "did you not see her?"

"Garcino, I have thee by the throat!" muttered the old man, in his half-broken sleep.

"Father, tell me, did you not see her? the blessed Saint Alda was in the room with us."

The miller sat up, but bewildered and cross that she should have disturbed his slumber, bid her return to her bed; "what did she there?"

Verena was too excited to reason with him: her imagination was in a state of ecstasy as she rose to her feet. She looked to see before her on the winding stair, like a guide and comfort, the vision which was but the idle creation of an overheated mind; but all was dark, except the glimmering of the moon through the cracks in the wooden casement.

Still in the same mood, she sat up in her bed, murmuring appeals to the saints for a continuance of their favours, and yearning yet trembling at the hope of beholding again the beautiful phantom on the cliff. At length she sank back into dreamless sleep, and when she awoke in the sunny morning all the events of that night—the plash of the cold water around her wrist, the moon-lit garden, and the beckoning vision on the cliff—seemed all the baseless fabric of a dream.

When she rose, the household cares occupied her mind to the exclusion of fantasy; and then when her eye fell upon a withered flower which she had received a short time since from David—a flower out of bloom in the present month—her thoughts fell upon him, his love, and his low solicitous voice, and above all his eternal farewell. There was fever in this theme, and it held her mind in the intervals of work during the day.

Her father, indeed, rallied her upon the disturbance of the night, and this gave her a shock of remembrance, rekindling her enthusiasm for a time. But it is hard for the impressions of the mind to contend with waking dangers and waking realities. "If this vision be sent from heaven," she said, "I shall see it again; if that invitation comes once more I shall obey its call. But let me not leave my father and my home for a dream," and Verena's eyes wandered off to the distant mountains.

"Verena, my girl, the sun is nearly down; go into the garden and call the night-miller. I doubt but the lazy loon is dapping for pike in the flood."

She had been sitting working by the old hearth, and her thoughts were away up the Alps. Her father's command was not unwelcome to her—to go out into the fresh air. It was the half hour before sunset, when all the land was warm and genial, and the heavy dews had spread the first faint haze over the fields. She crossed the garden quickly, and called the night-miller, who was making ready to return; and then, invited by the warmth, the freshness of the leaves, and the hum of the bees returning to their hive, she sat down

upon the bank which skirted the north side of the garden, where the glare of the sunset was lost, and with nothing but cool streaming shadows and a deepening sky before her.

She knew not how long she was sitting there, but it seemed to her that a cliff had risen in the centre of the garden, where there was never a cliff before, and up against the sky a gleaming figure stood, and a voice came to her—

"Leave all earthly love, and come, stand by me."

"I will come!" she cried; "blessed St. Alda, I will come!"

It was a changed maiden who returned to the miller's house. Verena was silent and rapt during supper-time, and would eat nothing.

"Verena," said the miller, taking her hand, "this house has grown dull to thee, and well I wot the reason. He was a good lad, our David, and I should rue the day he came to harm. I wish him no worse luck, poor soul, than thee for a wife."

"I do not think of him," she said, with a strange vehemence. She paused for a few moments, and her hand trembled in his grasp. "Father," she said, "I have renounced for ever all earthly love. I have taken a vow, and I dare not break it. I must sleep to-night in the convent of St. Alda."

The miller dropped the little hand in astonishment. He expostulated, he reasoned with her; he argued even with tears in his eyes that he would be a lonely, childless, old man; that his riches, which for years he had been gathering, would turn to ashes in his hand.

No; in vain were his words; the call to be saint must be paramount to the love of father or home, or to the fulfilment of all filial duties.

But before the next evening had closed in, it seemed well to the miller that his daughter had found refuge for a time within the moss-grown walls of the convent, for in the afternoon a noisy crowd of surly men and soldiers, headed by Garcino, invaded the miller's house, garden, and mill, and demanded that Verena should appear before them, and give account for having had in her possession leaves from the forbidden book.

The miller stood up proudly before the vulgar crowd, and denied the charge; but Garcino drew the leaves of the Testament from beneath his cloak, and told how he had picked them, the evening before, out of the mill-dam; and again the soldiers, showing their warrant, demanded that his heretic daughter should be given up to them.

The miller then, looking fixedly into the triumphant and vengeful face of Garcino, gave them this answer:—

"I will prove now, in the presence of you all, that Garcino is a false liar, and that he has brought this accusation out of a mean revenge, and for a base

purpose. The heretic daughter of the old miller, Jean Iserau, refused the tanner's love yesterday, and to-day she has sought refuge within the walls of the convent of St. Alda, to take upon herself the vows of a nun."

Thus did the old miller, ignorant of previous circumstances, repel Garcino's accusation; and the tanner slunk away, shame-stricken, from the reproaches of the crowd, who knew his motives well.
(To be concluded in our next.)

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.



THESE papers, which for some months past have appeared in the pages of THE QUIVER, now draw to a close. Some may have read them with the grateful consciousness that there is "religion" in their "home." Others, convinced that nothing else can meet their increasing wants and prospects, may resolve that they will henceforth "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" while some, mourning over the decay of their "religion at home," may justly ascribe their continued accumulation of sorrows and heavy cares to their ungrateful forgetfulness of God. A few practical suggestions shall now conclude the series.

Again, as to the difficult, but all-important, duty of the right training of children. It should be remembered that many of their early failings are merely the result of youthful inexperience. You see the frisky exuberance,—the wild, frolicsome effervescence of life and feeling in all young creatures, and recognise it as a wise provision, laying up a supply of fresh vigour to meet the wearisome demands of the future. The child is yet immature and undeveloped,—the fair blossoms of infancy are just forming into fruit,—its colour, form, flavour, are yet to come. You must watch and wait. Inside the rosebud lie curled up the latent, unformed leaves, as yet almost colourless; but the scent, the red hue, and luscious beauty of the flower will come out admirably by-and-by. It is not wise to stimulate the slow work of nature. You may easily spoil it by meddling. Many parents spoil their children by incessant interference. It is unwise, unnecessary, and degenerates into mischievous results. The child meant well. Sinister designs are imputed to him, which he inwardly resents. He feels that you misunderstand him, and he is dealt with unjustly; thus, his feelings of parental reverence are lowered; he has reason to distrust your judgment, and soon begins to question your affection. Parents should distinguish between the beginnings of evil, and the failings which belong to mere youth. The one is a poison plant that must be pulled up by the root; as to the other, a gentle word of admonition will put the child on his guard, and the fault will die away of itself.

Let every parent who desires to see his children's character formed in well-developed proportions, keep these three things before him:—

1. Cultivate, as the root of all personal excellency, the habit of open, truthful conduct. Nothing will more certainly vitiate the moral constitution than the permitted propensity to deal unfairly with truth—seeming to be one thing while they are another, concealment, disguise, equivocation, unsimplicity, unfrankness, untruthfulness in any form, whether action, motive, or speech. Transparent truthfulness must lie at the foundation, and grow up into the structure of every-day character. Every one understands truth; even wild, ignorant, vicious men feel an instinctive reverence for truth, though their lives are worse than wasted in its neglect.

2. Due self-respect, that disdains to do an unworthy action, is another element to be anxiously cultivated in children. Let them feel that you esteem them, you trust them, repose an honourable confidence that they do, and will do, right, and you are establishing a principle of self-government in their own breasts. This was one secret of Dr. Arnold's eminent success at Rugby. Young people should be led to feel that your estimate of them forbids you to be suspicious. You put them on their honour; and this delicate, honourable feeling adds a strength and charm to the character which ever grows and abides with them, and creates an attraction which wins the esteem of others, and influences them for good.

3. Then, teach them to act from conscience. Without this the character must be selfish, worldly, and unreal. Let them understand and acknowledge the supremacy of conscience,—that she sits upon the throne,—issues her commands,—dispenses her rewards for obedience, or visits the offender with shame, uneasiness, and remorse. God has so framed the human mind that there can be no happiness for an individual or a family except the "still, small voice" within whisper its significant approbation. Many pursue their rounds of vain, pleasurable excitement chiefly to escape the remonstrances of this inward witness. They may blunt the convictions of duty, and drown reflection in the tumult of worldliness and folly; but he who expects happiness in the dis-

regard of conscience, is seeking grapes from thorns, and looking for the fruits of Paradise in the snows of Greenland or the burning sands of the desert;—"Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye, but turn to ashes on the lips."

None can over-estimate the importance of cultivating early the habit of diligent employment. The want of occupation, leaving time to hang heavily on young people's hands, generates a thousand evils. The real superiority of one above another, is attributable far more to the persevering diligence of the individual, than to any combination of fortunate circumstances. To smooth the road to eminence, and facilitate men's progress, is the demand of the present age. But we are apt to forget the story of a father who bequeathed a field to his sons, in which it was alleged that vast stores of wealth were deeply embedded, which could only be reached by unwearied toil. The golden prize was nothing more than the habit of industry which they acquired for themselves in the search. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings, and not before mean men."

And yet it is a duty, though too much overlooked amid the temptations to selfish indulgence, that parents should make such moderate provision for their families, as may continue to them some measure of their domestic comforts if death should visit the household. It is surely one of the first dictates of intelligent affection, when entering on the responsibilities of married life, that a man should exercise such prudent forethought as to make the reasonable provision for survivors which his circumstances allow. The "sorrows of death," and the desolation of widowhood and orphanage, are sad enough by themselves; but when these domestic calamities are aggravated by the loss of social comforts,—when new habits of life, strange and hard to bear, must be resorted to for a maintenance, and the world's unkind looks encountered by a young, helpless widow, broken with sorrow, burdened with unlooked-for care and straitness, perhaps even debt,—compelled to earn her own bread, and seek it perhaps "in desolate places:" these are aggravations adding bitterness to sorrow, which, in many cases, might have been obviated by some moderate life insurance, or such other arrangements as would lighten the heavy burdens which too often crush the energies of early widowhood, and fairly break the heart.

For after all, sorrows must invade every home. The brightness of bridal days may long continue; and where the responsibilities and blessings of home increase, and parents are resolved to carry out the counsels advocated in these papers, there is every reason to believe that years of largely multiplying happiness will be in store. Still, clouds intervene, and at times overcast the brightest sky. Need, sorrow, sickness, or other

necessity, may dim the lustre of the happiest home, and spread the aspect of thoughtfulness and grief over the fairest circle. No man can read his Bible, or look round on the circle of his friends, without feeling that he can claim no exemption from the common lot of man—his turn must come one day, and he too must enter upon scenes of which even the distant prospect makes him sad. From what quarter his home-sorrows are to spring,—what bright vision is first to fade,—by what sharp arrow his heart is to be pierced,—when, and where, and how often, and with what mitigations or otherwise,—it is needless to attempt to pry into these hidden mysteries of the future.

The events of life are lodged in wiser hands than yours. Your chief duty, then, is to train your households day by day, in His faith, obedience, and love,—to honour Him as Supreme in all the arrangements of home life,—to live ever as in His presence, and seek by everything, in will and deed, to please Him,—to exemplify the reality of your own religion in daily uprightness, and to employ every agency which the Scripture commands, and experience confirms, to gain each member of your household to God; let all this be continued, amid much prayer with them and for them; and then you may safely leave the future with Him. The stream of home-happiness will continue to flow on in uninterrupted continuance, and you will thankfully acknowledge His special goodness. But if otherwise—if your home should be converted into "the house of mourning," you will still find that the bitterness of sorrow is mitigated by many ingredients of mercy, and the dark night of trouble is relieved by gleams of the Father's countenance and the whispers of his love.

But the great consummation is reached when, leaving in sorrow these earthly homes with their endearments, changes, and duties, we shall enter with rejoicing the mansions of the Father's house. As yet we know but little what kind of a home that is. Near as the Scripture seems to bring it, still, as yet, the veil of "this mortal" conceals it from sight. We know it is in the heaven of heavens, whither the Lord ascended in glory. There Enoch and Elijah went; and Moses and Elijah once, for a short time, left it for the Mount of Transfiguration. Stephen, a moment before his death, was permitted to see it; and the bright prospect of its glittering towers kindled St. Paul's desire to depart and be with Christ. Thus it is certain that God's people, when they die, "are received into everlasting habitations." Their earthly homes are the scenes of peaceful joy and holy fellowship, of endearing companionship and mutual satisfaction, which are unknown in the sumptuous habitations of worldly men. But their blessedness in that heavenly

home is immeasurably greater. Their life there is neither disturbed by sorrow nor marred by sin; it languishes under no decay, nor is it ruffled by any care; no enemy can assail them there, nor will temptation ever awaken the fear of danger; spirits made perfect, who, like themselves, have finished their warfare, will be their companions,—a crown of unfading glory glitters around every brow, and joys, incomparable and everlasting, satisfy and overflow the heart. Once admitted into those blessed mansions, none will ever fall from their steadfast fidelity to Christ, who brought them there, but will ever abide in his glorious presence, and live on in endless duration, advancing to higher degrees of perfection, and travelling on from bliss to bliss. Oh! marvellous, transcendent prospect! And yet it is more marvellous that so few seem to think of that world! Children are trained up as if this world were everything, and there were no world to come,—as if this world alone was real, and the next all visionary, and hardly worth a serious thought. And so men live. To rise in the morning, and to buy, sell, and get gain,—to discuss public questions, or repeat private gossip,—to meet and part,—to share or show hospitality among their friends,—to sicken and recover,—to repent without real reformation,—to worship now and then without seriousness,—this is the sort of life that myriads are passing who throng our streets. But, as to God and Christ; eternal joy or sorrow; how a man should live to God in love, obedience, and fellowship,—where he shall find himself and what shall become of him, as soon as he “shuffles off this mortal coil,”—what he must do to be saved, and how he can, sinner as he is, secure peace with God, and the assured hope that it will be well with him in the world to come—all these matters are so practically unimportant to them, that they scarcely reckon them worthy of a passing thought. And yet what separates them from that world? Let some thin vessel through which their life-blood is now coursing, just give way, and what is this

world to them, and all its fascinations then? Others continue to live on awhile,—but, as to these, the grand secret is at length disclosed—they are gone hence—to stand before God! “Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!” Begin, then, without delay to acquaint yourself with the Lord Jesus Christ as described by the four Evangelists. Think who he is, what he taught, did, and suffered, and remember you may have “redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sin.” Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and these great questions are settled. Do not permit yourself to cherish the false and dishonourable suspicion that it is a matter of indifference to your Father in heaven whether you return to Him or not. He is not indifferent. The gift of Christ Jesus to redeem the world and all the promises of his blessed Gospel testify his intense, but righteous, solicitude in men’s salvation. Be assured, then, of his infinite benevolence towards you. Let the great question of your personal reconciliation with God be settled through your immediate and believing acceptance of Christ Jesus, and then beg of him to teach and guide you to promote the salvation of others. Survey your own family circle, and devise some means for promoting “religion at home.” If you are the head of a family, neglect it not for a single day. See to it that no member of your household henceforth neglects his soul’s welfare through any fault of yours. Bring them into daily fellowship with God in the devoutness of domestic worship and win them over by the attractions of a Christian life, and then, when your earthly home is broken up by the hand of the Great Destroyer, you will bid each other farewell in the sure and certain hope of abiding reunion in the home of the Father. Thus—

“When soon or late you reach that coast,
O’er life’s rough ocean driven,
May you rejoin, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.”

HEIDELBERG.



F Heidelberg most people have heard, and many have visited it—that is, if one can call a hasty run over the beautiful old castle, a drive to the Wolfsbrunnen and a half-hour’s halt for lunch at the Prinz Karl hotel, a visit; but because there are no gambling-tables, extravagantly dressed ladies, or periodical horse-races, our nomad countrymen do not, as a rule, care to remain longer at this lovely spot than barely sufficient to say they have “done” the place.

With a three weeks’ vacation before me, I con-

sulted a Bradshaw as to the pleasantest place, within a certain distance from England, at which I could remain during that time. After many “pros and cons,” Heidelberg seemed the most suitable in every way, and a few nights afterwards I started *via* Antwerp for that city.

I had paid a flying visit to Heidelberg before, and I sufficiently remembered the hospitality of the landlord of the Prinz Karl hotel to wish to go there again. On reaching the door of the hotel, the usual loud bell was rung, and out rushed my old friend the landlord, accompanied by one or two waiters,

all smiles and bows, as the one relieved me of my umbrella, and the others ushered me into the hotel.

The second table-d'hôte had not yet been commenced, but after one or two days I had quite got out of my fashionable English dinner-hour, and found myself comfortably dining at one o'clock. The rest of the company consisted of students, merchants, and any casual "voyageur" who might be "doing" Heidelberg at the time. It was my good luck to sit next a very pleasant German student, a native of Hamburg, with whom I made great friends, and I continued to sit next him at dinner during my stay at the hotel. Through this I gained a great deal of information about the internal arrangements of the university, &c., that otherwise I should have had great difficulty in acquiring. My friend, also, had joined the university at rather an unusually late age, so that his opinion was the more unbiassed than if he had been a younger student, and felt bound to support customs and manners that in his heart he could not but reprehend.

From the plain of the Rhine suddenly rise the hills which form the two sides of the narrow valley of the Neckar. The river Neckar, though in summer but a small and sluggish stream, becomes in winter, more especially after the heavy rains, a considerable torrent. On its left bank Heidelberg is situated. Built on a narrow strip of land between the foot of hills and the river, the town proper consists of but one long street, nearly two miles in length. But of late years a very pretty addition has been made, in a sort of suburb running out towards the plain, where some detached villas have been built and public gardens laid out. At the other extremity of the town is the old ruined schloss, perched on the most picturesque of hills, and forming, with its ivy-grown outworks, ruined walls, and varied architecture, a picture well worth going many miles to see. To reach the castle from the town there are twenty different ways; and, unlike the generality of ruins, the Castle of Heidelberg is by no means only dependent on its general effect. On having climbed the hill and entered the courtyard, each archway has some peculiar merit to recommend it, each façade its particular style; and when satiated with the beauty of art, the visitor has only to walk from the courtyard to the terrace, and his eyes may take in at a glance the whole plain towards the Rhine; or, if that be too general a view, they may admire the quaint old town, the lovely valley, and the picturesque bridge situated beneath them. The original Heidelberg Schloss was at the summit of the hill; but the castle, of which we are now speaking, was not commenced until A.D. 1300, when it simply consisted of one strong tower. From that

date until 1607 constant additions were made by the various electors. About the last piece of the castle that was added was that erected by the Elector Frederick IV., for the reception of the Princess Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I, and granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots.

Let us descend again into the town itself, and hear something about the university. On our way down we pass the market-place, in the centre of which is the Church of the Holy Ghost, a by no means unsightly building, though of no very remarkable architecture. This church is divided by a partition wall between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, and the two services are performed under the same roof, and often at the same time, the divisional wall being of sufficient thickness to prevent the sound of the one organ interfering with that of the other. But now we are in the Universität Platz, and before us is the university—a mean, barrack-looking building. The lower storey is occupied by class or lecture rooms, whilst the university library is on the upper floor. To a Cambridge or Oxford man the university building at Heidelberg appears by no means what he would have expected; but when we consider that the university system in Germany is quite different to our own, and that the authorities only undertake to instruct, and do not interfere with the student's domestic arrangements, we find that the present building, with its class rooms and library, answers the purposes for which it is intended. Opposite the university building, and forming the other side of the platz, is the Museum Club, the lower storeys of which contain the students' assembly rooms for the winter's entertainments; the third storey is divided into five or six reading-rooms. This club is not only made use of by the students, but is most liberally thrown open at a very low rate to any stranger making a long stay in the town; for the first three months, however, a foreigner is admitted to the reading-rooms without paying anything.

The number of students residing in Heidelberg varies very much from year to year, according to the popularity of the professors. In Germany, a student does not go through his educational course at one university, but divides his three years between two, or perhaps three of them. For instance, a young man having occupied his first year in attending the classical lectures at Bonn, and intending to follow the legal profession, will go the following year to Berlin, or wherever the best professor of jurisprudence may at that time happen to be. The students—of which the number now at Heidelberg averages between 550 and 700—all live in lodgings about the town, and, as far as I could learn, are under little or no restriction as to the way in which they spend their time. A rule exists by which they are supposed



(Drawn by H. Woods.)

"Nor vainly stored the golden sheaves."—p. 842.

to be in their own houses by midnight; but I do not know that any punishment is inflicted when this rule is infringed. In the same manner, duelling, or fencing with swords, is strongly disapproved of by the authorities; but as it still exists, I doubt whether any very stringent measures have ever been taken against it. The consequence of which is, that these silly young men, with a wounded cheek or a broken nose, have often their faces disfigured for life.

The society of Heidelberg cannot, of course, be very numerous; but at the same time there are many pleasant German and foreign families residing there. The number of English residents is between 300 and 400, and the generality of them remain throughout the year. The great attraction

is the opportunity that offers, to persons of small means and large families, of giving their children a really excellent education at a small outlay.

In concluding this short paper, I am sure I cannot do better than advise any of my friends, who with a limited holiday and a not too full purse, are doubtful as to which spot on the Continent to pitch their tent on, to try Heidelberg, and in this opinion I am fully borne out by the poet Kotzebue, who says: "If an unhappy individual were to ask me what spot he would live in, to get rid of the cares and sorrows which pursue him, I should say Heidelberg; and a happy one asks me what spot he would choose to adorn with fresh wreaths the joys of his life, I should still say Heidelberg." A. B.

HARVEST.

THE summer dies, and dying, leaves
Its glory to the winds and frost;
But all its glory is not lost,
Nor vainly stored the golden sheaves.

The summer dies, but it has left
Such sweet remembrance of its reign,
In ruddy fruit and garnered grain,
That scarcely yet we feel bereft.

And so they died, the great of old,
But dying left a life behind:
A mind that ever lives in mind,
And death has stamped as current gold

The thought and phrase of mouth and brain
Long mouldered into silent dust:
Or mocked upon the marble bust,
That changes not in joy or pain.

The summer dies, and winter's breath
Has chilled the earth and bared the trees;
But Faith, clear-eyed and hopeful, sees
A future life in present death.

The summer dies, the fallen leaf
Lies mouldering in the lifeless clay;
But life shall spring from out decay,
And hope shall triumph over grief.

And so they die, the good, the brave,
But we will cheer us in our gloom;
For, like the cypress o'er the tomb,
The roots of life are in the grave.

Beneath, corruption feeds her root,
Above, she spreads her leafy pride,
And decks her as the summer's bride,
While treading death beneath her foot.

J. S. W.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

ALBINA.

CERTAIN little incidents arise—chances they are sometimes called—that materially affect the career of an individual. A small rose-coloured billet, highly scented, and directed by a feminine hand, was lying on the table when Francis Heatherly got home. He did not see it at first. He had time to give orders to the housekeeper about his departure. He intended to pay a few visits, and then, if the secret wound did not heal, he would let the house or sell it. It was hard to be driven out of house and home by a woman; but so it was. He could not get over the fact that Josephine had refused him.

When he came back to the room he usually occupied, then he saw the billet. It was from a lady,

Mrs. Mills by name, of Hawthorn Lodge, and it contained a very pressing invitation to tea and croquet. The note went on to express the great sorrow Mrs. Mills and her daughter were experiencing, in consequence of a report that Mr. Heatherly was about to leave the town. Albina, the billet concluded by informing him, was inconsolable! The invitation was for Thursday, and this was Tuesday. If he accepted it, what was to become of his journey to Dorsetshire?

"I am not pressed for time," thought he, his eye falling, as if casually, on the word *Albina*.

He knew Albina well. A profusion of shining locks; a pair of bright eyes; a silvery voice; a charm of youth and sprightliness, without much else to back it—that was Albina.

Put a modern schoolgirl, half through her teens,

by the side of Minerva of the Greeks, and you have Albina by the side of Josephine.

Still, there was some attraction to him in the word *inconsolable*. And that a pretty youthful little creature with the bluest eyes that ever were, should feel any regret for him, was a fact worthy of comment, "where all else is barren and sterile," he told his note-book.

He thought, all things considered, that he would go. It would be uncourteous to refuse; and also, it would give him time to settle the business with Mr. Carlton. He was fully resolved on that point, come what might.

He did not think Newbury was such a bad place, after all, if a man were but heart whole.

When Thursday came, he found himself getting ready for the visit, with more alacrity than he could have believed possible. That word, *inconsolable*, had left a vast impression on his imagination.

He knew how pretty Albina would look, in her sky-blue silk, with long streaming sash, and the shower of golden curls on her white shoulders. She was as unlike Josephine as could be. She played rattling polkas with wonderful execution. She said "yes, ma," and "no, ma," with a childish pertness. She called croquet "a love of a game!" She was given wholly to pic-nics and parties, and all the little innocent dissipation that lay in her power. She never read anything but novels. She was as ignorant of life, and all pertaining to it, as her parrot in its cage, and had about as many ideas—but then she had been *inconsolable*!

Hawthorn Lodge was a pretty retired spot, which had been purchased by the papa of Albina because it had gone cheap. It was not in a fashionable suburb, but Mr. Mills was not a fashionable man, and, if truth must be told, kept a shop in Newbury, to which he went backwards and forwards every day. He had a smattering of knowledge, just enough to be a dangerous thing; and it resulted in a few daubs of yellow, red, and blue, which he called pictures, and which adorned his rooms. This smattering led him earnestly to covet accomplishments for his daughter, and resulted in the polkas aforesaid; and with which Francis Heatherly was in raptures. But he had never heard Josephine play!

Still, Hawthorn Lodge was pretty, and on this fine afternoon, with the lawn dotted over by a group of gaily-dressed young ladies playing at croquet, it could not fail to be attractive.

Albina was among the players, of course. Not in blue silk this time; she wore a dress of pink muslin, and as she stood, her tiny foot planted on the balls, her bright locks ruffled with the wind, and her face a picture of youthful animation, Francis Heatherly might be excused a glance of admiration.

"Albina!" cried her mother.

The girl turned her bright face round; she was laughing when her mother spoke. "Well, ma?"

This was cross and pert.

"My dear, here's a gentleman wants to speak to you."

With a loud, sharp rap went the ball bounding along. Albina clapped her hands, and almost screamed with delight.

"Now, I am to go again," cried she.

"Albina! do you hear me?" called her mother a second time.

"Ma, how tiresome you are! you have put me quite out," said Albina, crossly, and turning from the game.

"Here is Mr. Heatherly, my dear."

She came up half smiling, half pouting. She looked charmingly beautiful.

"I can't stay a minute, ma! it's Mr. Richards' turn."

"My dear, how rude you are; you ought to have come at once, and spoken to Mr. Heatherly."

She put her little hand in his for a moment. Her face was turned towards Mr. Richards.

"See, that is his ball! Oh, what a good one!" and she clapped her hands, and screamed with delight.

"Whose side is Mr. Richards on, pray?" asked Francis Heatherly.

"On my side," and she looked at him as if wondering he could doubt it; "on my side, of course!" and away she fluttered, all eagerness to get back to the game.

"Who is Mr. Richards?" inquired Francis Heatherly, with some uneasiness, and glancing at a dapper-looking young man who had just given a masterly hit.

"Oh, he is only our apprentice, and there's a holiday this afternoon at the shop. He's wonderfully fond of croquet."

"Humph!" said Francis Heatherly, glancing at him again.

A maid-servant now came to announce that tea was ready—a summons which caused, as Mr. Richards expressed it, a hitch in the game. He consoled himself, however, by taking the fair Albina in, and flirting with her with all his might.

"Who is that snobbish-looking fellow?" whispered he, glancing at Francis Heatherly.

"Oh, a very rich man; and you are not to call him snobbish. He is an intimate friend of papa's, and papa says he is the most perfect gentleman he ever met with in his life."

"Do you think so, Miss Mills?"

"I am sure I don't know what I think, or what I don't think," said Albina with a childish little laugh.

Francis Heatherly, meanwhile, was established by the side of the maternal Mills, who was saying—

"I am sure I hope you'll change your mind, and stop amongst your friends. We shall make a great trouble of it if you go: Albina in particular."

"I think you must be mistaken," replied Francis, with a look at the laughing eyes and radiant face opposite him. "Miss Mills seems in as good spirits as ever I have seen her."

"Oh, but you don't understand Albina! She never lets any one know the state of her feelings," said Mrs. Mills, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper.

"She seems so very happy in the society of that—that—what did you say the gentleman's name was?"

"Richards. Oh, take my word for it, she don't care a button for him!"

This fact was scarcely so apparent to Mr. Heatherly as he could wish.

After tea there was a general rush to croquet. Francis Heatherly made his way to Albina.

"May I be on your side, Miss Mills?"

"Thank you; I don't think there is room," replied she, the tiny foot planted again on the two balls, and the blue eyes looking up into his face.

"Oh, but surely you won't be so cruel. I am really as good a player as Mr. Richards."

"But I can't do without Mr. Richards, we always play together. There—there!" and the ball went bounding along with all its might.

"Please don't tease me," continued she, as he still lingered, "or ma will be so tiresome. Please go and talk to ma!"

Talk to ma, indeed! was that what he came for?

CHAPTER LX.

HAROLD GOES COURTING.

"Oh, Harold, this is nice!"

"I should think it is, Charley! this is home."

Charley's sofa had been wheeled up to the glass door that opened into the garden, and Charley lay there, looking complacently out on the bit of grass that Harold insisted on calling a lawn, and on the beds, gay with early flowers, that were in their beauty.

"I say, Harold! what an extravagant fellow you are, to be sure!"

"Why so, Charley?"

"Only think of your having bought that new piano. I am sure it was very good of you. Of course you bought it for me."

Harold coloured up to the ears. The fact is, when he bought the piano, Charley was never further from his thoughts.

"And the bookcase, and all the pretty things in the drawing-room," continued Charley, in a condescending tone; "of course you intended them for me."

"I am glad you like them—I am sure," stammered Harold, looking the picture of guilt.

"I do like them. I have been so used to having things decent about me. How I contrived to live in those horrid lodgings I can't imagine. It was enough to kill me."

Harold had opened the piano, and was playing over a tune, very softly, as if to himself.

"Ah, that is poor Miss Sylvester's tune; but how badly you are playing it, Harold!"

"Why do you say, poor Miss Sylvester?" asked Harold, stopping abruptly.

"Because—don't you know?—we shall never see her again, in all human probability," said Charley, with a sigh.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Harold, turning round and facing him.

"I mean what Mrs. Brown told me. I am sure I thought you knew. That nasty, disagreeable mother of hers has taken her from Newbury."

"Taken her from Newbury!"

"Yes! What a habit you always have of repeating one's words! She has taken her to the Grange."

"To the Grange!"

"There you go again! To the Grange—a horrid tumble-down place, all surrounded by a swamp, and where she is sure to die. Poor thing, I always thought she was too good for this world," added Charley, with extreme philosophy.

"Charley, just please to explain yourself a little," said Harold, firmly.

"How stupid you are! You know how it tires me to explain things. The Sylvesters are come to their last legs—that's the plain English. The young man—I forget his name—is in gaol, and Lady Sylvester has carried off her daughter to the Grange."

"I wonder you can speak so flippantly, Charley."

"I speak flippantly? I am sure I care for Miss Sylvester a great deal more than you do!"

Harold turned round again, and softly closed the piano. Then he got up and went towards the door.

"Where are you going, Harold?"

"A little turn, dear, that is all."

"I thought you might have had walking enough," began Charley, peevishly; but Harold was out of the room before he finished his sentence.

Harold went straight to his own chamber, and closed the door. Then he did what was rather unusual for him—took a careful survey of himself in the glass. The result of this survey was an entire change of toilette, a polishing-up of himself, as he said, and a donning of his Sunday clothes. Next he took his best hat from its box, brushed it round and round, and put it on his head. Then snatching up his gloves, he went down-stairs. Before he finally quitted the house, he just stepped back into the room where Charley was.

"On my word, Harold! pray are you going courting?"

Harold did not answer. He was hovering about a stand of geraniums that were just coming into flower.

"You might, at least, tell me the name of the lady," persisted Charley. "I dare say, if the truth was known, you have been engaged ever so long."

By this time, Harold, having found a geranium to his mind, remorselessly snipped it off.

"Pray has Mr. Mapleson a daughter, Harold?"

Harold laughed. "My dear, he has neither chick nor child in the world."

"Then who is—"

"Now, Charley," said Harold, with a little air of authority, "if I am not home for tea, you are not to wait for me. Good-bye;" and he walked off, fixing the geranium in his button-hole.

"I hope it would not interfere with me, if Harold took it into his head to be married," was the train of thought into which Charley, by a law of his nature, fell, after his brother's departure.

Harold, meanwhile, walked off at a brisk pace towards the old house on the common. He gleaned, by the way, sundry pieces of intelligence. He got to know the whole history of the Sylvester crisis, and how the bailiffs were in the house, and all about Raymond's arrest. His heart beat very fast when these things were told him.

It was quite time that Alice should come to him, now. He could scarce bear to think of how she must have suffered. He quickened his pace along the road, which was very long, and very lonesome. He did not care. His busy thoughts beguiled the time, and he was at the Grange before you would have fancied it possible.

He was at the Grange. The white, ghostly-looking building towered before him, with its faded grandeur. How lonely, how ruinous, how desolate it looked! He read the motto over the old doorway, and smiled. "Noblesse oblige!" A grand watchword in itself, but how disastrous as used by the Sylvesters!

He had been refused admittance, as we know, once before, to the old house on the common. As he rang the bell, which reverberated through the deserted mansion, he wondered whether this would occur again; but it did not. The woman, who opened the door, admitted him at once.

He could see, at a glance, that the wolf Poverty had got within the fold. Now the threadbare hangings were rent down, the bare, hard, actual necessity of the case was apparent. The empty hall gave him a strange feeling of desolation. The one attendant, the absence of all the pomp and pretentiousness that had been clung to with such tenacity—the complete, absolute ruin, impressed itself painfully on his mind. Yet it gave him a secret joy too: for he thought all obstacles would be removed. Pride itself could fight no longer. They would say she might come!

Little did he know of the Sylvesters!

He was ushered into the dark, ill-furnished room. It was as drear as could be. None of the faded splendours had found their way here—no, not one!

He thought Alice would come, and he sat and listened for the light step he loved. His whole face was illumined with a look of glad affection, when there entered, coming upon him suddenly, and by surprise, Lady Sylvester.

He rose. He was surprised, and for the moment, disappointed. But this feeling was not apparent in his manner. He rose and waited, with an air of respect, till she should choose to speak to him.

She was not friendly to him, even now: he could see that, at a glance. It was as much as she could force herself to do, to ask him to be seated.

He did not find the least difficulty in opening the subject—it lay too near his heart. He told her, in a few words, what he came for—to see her daughter. To ask again that her daughter might be his wife.

She heard him to the end, but he could perceive that she had some difficulty in restraining herself. He had scarcely finished, when she said, with some vehemence. It was not to be thought of. He was labouring under a very great mistake. The Sylves-

tars had married equals, from the first generation downwards.

He gave a glance round. It was by an impulse he could not resist. She saw it, and the flash of the old unquenchable light was in her eye.

If he thought to take advantage of a temporary change in their circumstances, there never was a greater error. If they had retired, for a short time, to this secluded spot, it was because their health needed retirement. Very soon, they should emerge again, and take up their places in society. The best and the noblest of the families in England had now and then suffered from misfortune.

And she hurled the speech at him defiantly, and made him feel he had drifted against the sharp edges of the rock.

He was very calm and temperate. He put aside the shafts she flung at him, as if they had been straws. He began to speak of his great love for Alice, and he said—he would say it in spite of her—he said he wished Miss Sylvester to know that he had come with the earnest wish, and hope, that she would allow him to stand by her—yea, and hers too—in this sad crisis. His whole heart was devoted to her interests. There was nothing he would not do, to soften the blow that had come upon them!

Upon them, meaning the Sylvesters! Her and hers, meaning the Sylvesters also!

This was more than she could bear. What! Harold Blake, the overseer of a silk-mill, a man working for his bread, talk of standing by them, the Sylvesters! The Sylvesters who had come in with the Conqueror, —who had been grand and glorious ere the Blakes had an existence!—who, even in their ruin, were as far removed from him, as the east is from the west! You might have heard the ghostly dignities shriek and wail along the dreary passages, and wring their shadowy hands at the bare suggestion!

No! she told him, and she rose in all her indomitable might, no! every word he spoke was an insult—his presence was obnoxious. He had better withdraw, at once.

Still, he was calm. He bore the outbreak without a word of retort. The beggarly dignities might rail at him as they pleased, he was looking beyond them to Alice. Here was a being of another mould to them. Here was a true heart, a woman's loving nature, about to be stranded in this desert. Could he leave her? Oh, no! How he longed to see her! How he would have kissed the hem of this proud woman's garment, if she would but have relented! If she would but have allowed the word, the look, after which his soul was hungering and thirsting. But no! there was the rock of adamant, reaching to the very sky. A bird of the air could scarce scale its summit, much less Harold Blake!

CHAPTER LXI.

"A RUM ARTICLE."

"BETWEEN you and me, Mary, I think our new lodger a very rum article."

"He aint no ways ill-disposed, Jacob Potts, if that's

what you mean to insinuate," replied his wife, as she folded the family linen with a pair of broad sturdy arms, and laid it in the flasket preparatory to carrying it to the mangle.

Jacob Potts was a cobbler, in the retired little town of Northwold, up in the north country, some hundred miles away from Newbury. He had but one eye, the other having been lost through an accident, and he wore a pair of broad-brimmed spectacles, through which he was examining, with a sinister expression, the hole in the boot he was mending. The door between the little workshop, and the room in which Mary Potts was engaged, stood open: a circumstance that allowed of the conversation I am narrating.

"What I look at, is this," continued Jacob, with another scowl at the boot, "here's a fellow comes in the dead of night——"

"Well, we wasn't gone to bed, however," interposed his wife, with a stoop of the brawny arms to the flasket; "and as for being a fellow, Jacob Potts, I aint gone washing and charing, and into what the parson calls a sphere of *observation* for nothing all these years, that I should be took in with anybody!" and she gave a vigorous crack to one of her husband's shirts as if to support the argument.

"The most knowing of us gets took in sometimes," observed her husband, sententiously.

"I tell you what, Jacob, you're so suspicious there's scarce any living with you!" cried his wife.

"But it strikes me, his purse is getting lowish. When all comes out, and none goes in, Mary, it's easy to see what comes next."

"How do you know that none goes in, pray?"

"Because he aint earning a penny, and he hasn't no letters or anything coming to him, and I know, for certain, that he took his watch—it was yesterday dinner-time—to the pawn-shop."

"He's been so ill, you know, Jacob," said his wife, after a pause; "perhaps now he's better he may get to work a bit."

"Perhaps he may," replied Jacob, in a tone which meant *may not* as plain as could be.

Mary Potts, by this time, had finished her folding and was putting on her bonnet. "Now, Jacob," said she, briskly, "you'll please to mind the house while I step to the mangle;" and lifting the flasket, piled up though it was, with ease in her brawny arms, she departed.

Jacob, left at home by himself, began to whistle as he vigorously patched at the boot. But he was not quite easy in his mind, either. The remembrance of the man up-stairs, whose pennies were fast going out, and none coming in, again distracted Jacob.

He was a careful, industrious, thrifty man, and the little room up-stairs had been fitted up as a lodging, in order to help pay the rent. It would be an ugly fact if the rent were to get lost.

"Losses are the worst part of business!" thought Jacob, as he hammered at his boot.

His wife having left him free to follow his own cogitations, he began to think it would be no bad plan to drop a hint to the lodger, should an opportunity occur; and, as it happened, the opportunity came that very moment. Jacob could hear the slow tread of the lodger as he came down-stairs.

He was a man in the prime of life, but his step was slow, and feeble, too. He had been ill. The first few weeks of his stay at Northwold, he had kept his bed.

Jacob laid down the boot. He was interested, very much, in his lodger's movements.

When there came a tap at the door of the workshop, he was very glad indeed.

"Come in—come in!" he cried, joyfully.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER'S PET.

WILL DARLING was the only son of his mother, who was neither poor nor a widow; but who had the misfortune to be very nervous. She was a small, spare woman, all anxiety and fidgets; not that she did not possess many excellent qualities; being a good housewife, a careful manager, and orderly in her domestic affairs: indeed, she carried the latter quality to the extreme; for so attached was she to cleanliness that, lest her parlour carpet, or her immaculate boards should contract a stain, it was her custom to lay down strips of matting, on which the family were required to walk—as on Mahomet's narrow bridge to Paradise—on pain of bringing on a fit of Mrs. Darling's nerves, should they by any chance forget.

"Dear me, Mr. Darling," she would say, "your feet are off the matting. Pray be careful, Mr. Darling, you are treading on the carpet!" until poor Mr.

Darling found it best to take his newspaper or magazine into the office to read.

In receiving her friends, Mrs. Darling was liberal and hospitable to a degree; and if it had not been for her fidgety anxiety, all would have been very well. But directly you sat down in her parlour, it was, "Now pray, my dear, don't sit there! you are in the draught of that door." In vain you protested that you were quite comfortable; you were driven from seat to seat to avoid draughts from door or window, until you were fixed in an arm-chair, or on a sofa, close by a roaring fire, in a room not more than ten feet square. Then, at the tea-table, it was long before you were permitted to sit down in peace; one place was too hot, another too cold. When at last you were settled, and the tea was poured out, Mrs. Darling did nothing but load the plates of her guests, and fill their cups with cream and sugar; all the while making no end of apologies for the indifferent

quality of everything, which, in truth, was first rate; so that you could only declare, over and over again, that all you wanted was, to see Mrs. Darling eat something herself. After you had imbibed two or three cups of the luscious tea, and feasted to Mrs. Darling's satisfaction, you generally felt an ungrateful desire to escape from the small hot room, and from Mrs. Darling and her wearisome apologies.

Brought up in, and being the supreme object of, all this care, anxiety, and cramming, it is no wonder if Will Darling, at eight or nine years of age, was the most disagreeable, greedy little creature that could possibly be imagined. As he was, in his mother's opinion, too delicate to contend with his own sex, his companions were usually girls; and now and then, six or seven of them were asked to take tea with him. When they were assembled in Mrs. Darling's superlatively neat sitting-room, dressed in their best frocks and sashes, they sat, during the first hour or so, on a low form, borrowed from the school for the occasion, with their hands crossed on their laps, and their toes turned out, as during the dancing-lesson. Not a word was spoken; all having a wholesome dread of Mrs. Darling's order, her neatness, and her very irritable nerves.

Will made no attempt to amuse his visitors; but sat by his mother's side, staring at the row of mute, motionless little figures opposite to him. At tea, each child, in a clean white diaper pinafore, brought by Mrs. Darling's desire, was seated at the table, and stuffed, according to that lady's custom, with cake, toast, and strong tea. This done, they played at teetotum, or dominoes, for nuts—of which Will, somehow, always contrived to win and eat the greatest part. After which, home-made wine, fruit, and cakes, were again pressed upon the children, until most of them, having eaten more than did them good, fell asleep, especially the younger ones, and were carried home in that state by their respective nurses.

This method of training had just the effect that might be expected of it, and young Darling, at ten years of age, was a fat, heavy-looking boy, with dull eyes and a leaden complexion, silent and sullen, who had learned nothing, not even to read tolerably, and who was in wretched health, having lost all relish for any kind of food. In vain his mother provided delicacies to tempt him; his jaded appetite refused them all. Whole trays of pastry, which had been made for him, were given away to the poor children in the neighbourhood, plates of thin bread and butter shared the same fate.

In great alarm Mrs. Darling consulted a physician, who gave it as his opinion that sea-air and sea-bathing were what the patient required, and advised, as the best method of securing these advantages, that he should be put to a boarding-school on the south coast, moreover recommending that of Dr. Courtenay, at Beach Town, as peculiarly eligible.

Dr. Courtenay listened with exemplary patience to the long list of cautions and charges which Mrs. Darling poured into his ear when, according to the

physician's advice, she brought her son to him for a pupil; they all culminated in a request that Master Will might not be allowed to eat mutton, as he had a particular dislike to it. Dr. Courtenay was politeness itself, and he answered urbanely that there was no occasion whatever for Master Darling to eat mutton, as there were always other provisions in the house; so the lady departed, in the full persuasion that chicken and asparagus, or some equivalent delicacy, would be provided for her pet whenever the objectionable meat formed the staple of the dinner.

When Will Darling made his first appearance in the playground, he entered hugging a large brown paper bag full of cakes, oranges, and other good things, which his mother had left to be his comfort when she was gone. As he kept munching his dainties, without offering a share of them to any one, a sharp little fellow, named Tom Steel—called by the boys "Gamey Tom"—came behind him, and, giving the bag a smart blow underneath, sent the contents flying and rolling in all directions. In an instant there was a scramble among the pupils, and great part of the eatables were trampled on and smashed, the rest snatched up and eaten by the ruder portion of the boys.

"Boo! boo! boo!" blubbered Will. "I'll tell my mother, that I will! Boo! boo!"

At this a general laugh rang through the playground, which was only stopped by the ringing of the bell for dinner. As it happened, a fine leg of roast Southdown mutton was placed before the doctor, who, after helping the rest of the pupils to a liberal portion each of the succulent meat, said—

"By-the-by, Master Darling does not eat mutton. Bring some other meat for him."

Upon this the servant disappeared, and soon brought a plate of cold meat. It was placed before Will. Even the presence of the doctor could not repress the general titter which ran round the table, nor the oblique looks cast upon the plate. Will wished that his mother had said nothing about him, for with appetite already sharpened by the sea-air, he felt that he could have enjoyed the hot mutton very much.

As may be supposed, Will soon became the butt of the school; and as on all occasions he "Boo-boohed, I'll tell my mother!" he was asked twenty times a day, in the usual schoolboy language of the period, various questions about his mother, which were calculated to do anything but please him.

Ridicule was changed into positive dislike, when it was found that whenever he had cakes, or other niceties, his custom was to hide himself in some retired corner of the garden or playground, and eat them alone.

"Why do not you share your things with the other boys, Darling?" asked Wilmer, a boy of the upper form, one day, when he happened to find the former feasting in secret.

"Because I don't like."

"But it would be much better for you to do so."

"Mother says I'm to eat them all myself."

"What! and not give any away?"

"She is going to send a cake for the others," said Will.

"That will not be half so good as giving them some of yours," answered Wilmer, as he turned away in disgust.

Mrs. Darling did send cakes, and other good things, to be distributed among the pupils; but as these gifts were not voluntary on Will's part, it soon appeared, as Wilmer had predicted, that benefits which required no self-denial inspired no affection.

As Master Darling grew stronger and taller with the pure air and temperate living, he at the same time grew thinner, and what he lost in flesh he gained in spirit; he no longer blubbered when he was offended, but returned insults with blows; these were repaid with interest, and there was much quarrelling and fighting, and a great deal of ill-temper and violence were displayed on both sides. I fear they all forgot how great sin they were committing, and that a judgment is pronounced upon every one who is even *angry* with his brother without a cause. However, Dr. Courtenay did his best to arrest the evil, by inflicting severe punishment on all who were guilty of it; and reminding them of that first blow, which rendered Cain a wanderer for life. However, Will Darling was only the more disliked for it; for, as Tom Steel said, "he was so greedy and so spiteful that no one could abide him." But this was not the only sin Will Darling's hateful propensity led him into; indeed, sin seldom lives solitary in the human bosom; one crime leads to another, and such was the case with Will.

Attached to Dr. Courtenay's house was a large garden, in which the pupils were allowed to walk, on condition of not picking the fruit, a liberal quantity of it being distributed among them daily. Adjoining one part of this garden was the dairy, shaded by the thick branches of some lime-trees that formed an avenue. The wall was overgrown with ivy, and a number of guelder-rose and lilac-trees added to the seclusion of the spot. The dairy had a window opening on to the avenue; but it was many feet from the ground. This was the place which Will Darling generally chose for the scene of his solitary feasts, and one afternoon, it being a half-holiday, and the boys at cricket in a field, he had retired thither to finish a cake which had been sent him a week previously. The weather was hot, for it was the beginning of June, and Will felt thirsty. "How I should like some milk!" thought he; "there is plenty in there! and the window is open too! I'm sure I could get up to it; I could climb on the branches of the ivy. I've a good mind to try! I only want to look in and see the milk!"

My young friends, beware of looking at, or even thinking of, a forbidden thing; avoid temptation, if you wish to keep in the right path. Well, Will climbed up the ivy, which, with its strong branches, formed a ladder under the window, and he looked in, and saw the milk dishes, some with the rich yellow cream spreading over the surface, others

filled with the warm new milk that had been recently poured into them. "Oh, how nice it looks," thought Will, "and cream, too, delicious cream! How I should like to taste it. I could get in directly; there is a shelf just below the window, and there is a spoon on the wooden table. One spoonful could not matter out of that lot." Such are the arguments which the Father of Evil suggests, to delude those who parley with the wrong. So Will had just put his foot inside the window for the purpose of entering it, when he heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel; they were coming nearer. In a hurry he withdrew his leg, and placed his foot upon the ivy, but in his haste and fear, he missed the strong branch, and was left clinging with his hands to the smaller tendrils; they were too frail to support his weight, and he fell heavily to the ground, where he was found, in a state of insensibility, by Dr. Courtenay himself, whose footsteps at some little distance had alarmed Will, and prevented him accomplishing the sad act he had meditated.

A doctor was sent for, and he found that Will had broken his collar-bone, and received a severe wound on the head; and his health being unsound in consequence of previous over-feeding, fever ensued. He lay in a precarious state for some weeks, nursed by Mrs. Courtenay and his mother, who had been sent for. When able to talk, he confessed his fault to Dr. Courtenay, who, as Will had suffered great pain, did not reprove him severely, but pointed out to him that all this sin and suffering arose from the habit of self-indulgence, which had been given way to so long. Will promised amendment; but he found it up-hill work struggling to overcome a propensity so deep rooted; however, he fought hard against the evil inclination, and in time, by God's help, succeeded, for he had learned, by sad experience, that gluttony and selfishness are alike hateful to God and man.

M. W.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Who was by Paul to rule in Crete left?
2. The place where Abner was of life bereft.
3. Who of the Gadites first to David came?
4. Of what epistle have we but the name?
5. Which was the valley where the craftsmen dwelt?
6. What exile enmity to Israel felt?
7. What Grecian man of note on Paul believed?
8. Whose accusations false were yet received?
9. What city was by Jeroboam built?
10. Where Saul committed his first heinous guilt.
11. Which was the third well Isaac's herdsmen made?
12. The god to whom Sepharvaim homage paid.
13. The town against which Pharaoh-necho fought.
14. Whose sons five hundred men to Seir brought?
15. What brother next in age to David came?
16. What king reigned long and well, but died in shame?
17. What Syrian king against Hoshea fought, And Israel to Assyria captive brought?

Though tempted so on every side,
That e'en the wisest fall,
"The Lord is gracious," and will still
Help those who on him call.